

THE SEA HEART

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

Where the strong winds beat and batter,
Sweep and scatter
Froth and foam.
There the ocean's sadder swelling,
Earth-compelling,
Shakes my landward-looking dwelling
With a humming sound from home.

Where the rich earth dreams and dozes,
Ripe with roses,
Plowed and sown.
Through the treetops' wind and thunder,
Rolling under
Still I hear the world-deep wonder of my
mother's monotone.

Where the flying Dutchman lunges,
Reels and plunges
Peek and cowers,
There before my blood pulsated
I was fated
To face with heart ached when the
suns should bid me roam.

I may sink my ship unhelped,
Wave overwhelmed,
Wind overthrown;
But the sea can never borrow
Stain of sorrow,
And I sail at dawn to-morrow for the
magical Unknown.
—Yuth's Companion.



LETTER AND ITS SEQUEL.

BY PAUL MONTEVERD.

The fire blazed and crackled in the grate, the crimson curtains were closely drawn, and, comfortably ensconced in the most inviting of easy-chairs, Judge Lindsey sat ruefully contemplating a huge pile of unopened letters that lay on the table before him.

Letters there were of all sorts and sizes—letters in big envelopes, business letters—from ladies, who, trusting in the well known liberality of the judge, ventured to appeal to him in behalf of some pet missionary society—from young ladies who had been robbed by cruel guardians—from young men in need of money to start themselves in business—all mingled in one shapeless mass, looming up steeply, as if to scare him out of countenance should he attempt to sink back in his luxurious chair and enjoy the dolce far niente, spoiling the flavor of his cigar, until with a peevish "pshaw!" he dashed it into the grate, then paused a moment, as if to summon resolution, and, plunging in his hand to the very bottom of the pile, drew forth a dainty little billet which he opened and forthwith began to read. It ran as follows:

"Judge Lindsey—This is strictly a business letter and confidential. But first, as we have no mutual acquaintance to perform the duty, I must introduce myself. I am twenty years of age, neither pretty nor clever, but I have a heart to appreciate honest integrity of character, as exemplified in yourself when you refused the bribe of Mr. Burnette, truly a fortune in itself, rather than sell your soul by assisting to defraud a widow of the inheritance willed to her by a beloved husband. And I am constrained to write this to tell you how much I admire, and even love—not the polished gentleman on whose escutcheon rests no stain—but him who in an age of unparalleled corruption, holds fast his integrity, unmoved by the clamor of friends or the promptings of interest.

"I was losing faith in all mankind. You have restored it, and I thank you. I implore you to believe that this is no impertinent jest, but that I am writing earnestly and from my heart.

"In all probability we shall never meet on earth. Indeed, I could scarcely wish it, for what could you think of me, save that I was bold and unmaidenly? But wherever you may be, like guardian angels shall go with you, the prayers of,

"ALTHEA."

The event here recorded transpired soon after the trial of the famous Burnette will case, where the family of the deceased contested the will of their son, the parents protesting against allowing the whole property to revert to the young widow, on the ground that the deceased had died childless, together with the fact that the wife had brought no dowry to her husband, Mrs. Burnette having been a poor girl at the time of her marriage.

Judge Lindsey had been the deceased millionaire's legal adviser in the management of his estate, and had assisted in framing the will, the event having occurred when the son, Henry Burnette, was in sound and vigorous health, some three years prior to his death. And it was the lawyer's intimate knowledge of his son's affairs that led the elder Mr. Burnette to appeal to him to take charge of the case, offering Judge Lindsey a heavy bribe in order to induce him to do so, and a share also in his son's estate, should he succeed in winning the case. But Judge Lindsey had rejected the bribe with scorn, and refused to act in direct opposition to the dictates of his own heart.

And it was this act in his life to which the writer referred in the extraordinary letter the judge now held in his hand. If some artist, engaged in a grand allegorical painting, and seeking for a personification of astonishment, could have transferred to canvas the expression of Judge Lindsey's face as he finished reading the dainty missive, his fortune had infallibly been made. Was ever a bachelor of six-and-forty so addressed before?—and it was a lady—the perfumed paper and delicate chirography left no doubt of that—young and fair, or she would not have denied it.

The heart of the dignified lawyer beat as rapidly as that of a maiden in her teens while he began to experience a curious glow in the region of that organ, and a tingling sensation in his veins as if the blood flowed freer and faster, when his eye accidentally fell upon one of those obtrusive communications addressed to him in a masculine hand, and he awoke from his dream.

What had he to do with love—that nobby-pamby passion, fit only for beardless youths and romantic school-girls? Was he, a man of the world, to be disturbed by an anonymous letter? He would have none of it, and would thrust the whole thing from his mind. He would throw the letter into the grate—no, he would keep it as a curiosity; and so the dainty billet was locked in his desk, and the lawyer resumed his duties.

starry blue eyes—he admired blue-eyed women—that peered into his at every turn. In his dreams he pursued a light figure mounted on a dashing steed, that flew before him like the wind, its rider ever looking smilingly back and tantalizing him by keeping just out of his reach.

Ridiculous infatuation! Yes, very; and we can only account for it on the supposition that even for the wisest of us there is a time to laugh, a time to weep, and a time to make fools of ourselves—and that Judge Lindsey's time had come.

He who had heretofore been careless about his dress, now surprised his tailor with an order for a fashionable suit of clothes; and instead of lighting his cigar, as was his custom—the crusty bachelor!—with invitations to Mrs. Jones' soiree d'ansante, and Mrs. Smith's ball, accepted them, and was introduced to various young ladies of all sizes and complexions, took them into supper-plunged boldly into the melee of the table to secure them creams and chicken salad, till the report actually gained credence that Judge Lindsey had become one of the first "ladies' men" in the city; whereas, if the truth must be told, he was only searching for that foolish little Althea.

The winter passed; still he had not found the ideal of his dreams. But he was not disheartened, as one might naturally have supposed; on the contrary, as the weeks passed, he grew more hopeful and sanguine in his belief that at some unexpected moment he should meet the one whose letter had made so deep an impression on his mind. And so it proved, for on a bright afternoon in May, when sauntering in the park, his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of two ladies walking in front of him. From her tall form and stately bearing he recognized in the elder lady a former friend. But it was upon the graceful, petite form of the one beside her that his gaze became riveted, and, prompted by some sudden impulse, he hastened his steps and was soon quite near them. And here one of the ladies accidentally dropped her pocket handkerchief, when a sudden puff of wind sent it fluttering almost at Judge Lindsey's feet.

Both ladies halted, evidently intent on securing the prize.

"Permit me, madam," said Judge Lindsey, instantaneously stooping and picking it up.

But on lifting it daintily in his fingers, what was his astonishment on beholding in a corner of the delicate cambric the talismanic name, Althea!

And here—introduced to him as Miss Westbrook—stood his ideal with blue, haunting eyes, rosy mouth, snowy cheek, just tinged with a faint blush, with sloping shoulders, arching neck and queenly air—all as he had dreamed.

As these thoughts passed through his brain with the rapidity of lightning, he glanced up in time to witness the sudden start, the deep blush, the half-repressed exclamation at the utterance of his name, and assurance became doubly sure.

Presently, under pretense of examining some plant or shrub, he drew the elder lady a little one side and, in a low tone, said:

"Mrs. Van Dorn, I am most anxious to extend my acquaintance with your cousin, Miss Westbrook, and can you manage it for me without her knowledge of the fact?"

"Nothing is easier," she began.

"Mrs. Van Dorn, you are an angel," he interrupted, eagerly.

"No doubt," said the lady, with a light laugh. "But as I was about to remark, if you will take a seat in my carriage, I will invite you to dine with us."

And so it was settled.

Not suspecting that her handkerchief had betrayed her, Miss Westbrook was in mortal dread lest some accident might reveal to him the knowledge that she was the author of the letter that had been written six months before. But as Judge Lindsey made no reference to the past, she trusted that the circumstance had been blotted from his mind.

After dinner was over, Judge Lindsey begged the young lady to favor him with some music, and she complying, he conducted her to the piano. Her playing was at first nervous and unequal, but as the beauties of the theme gradually developed, her cheeks flushed, her rrry lips parted, a soft fire burned in her eyes, and then flashed forth golden notes, choral harmonies, and soft, dying melodies.

"Charming! exquisite!" burst from the lips of her enraptured auditor.

"Is it not?" she said, simply.

"When I play that I always fancy myself in some dim forest, and I think I hear the wind sighing amid the pines, and the birds calling from their green recesses."

"Miss Westbrook," he returned, gently, "I know not which most to praise, your admirable genius, or—"

"Pray don't compliment me—I do not deserve praise; music for me is a pleasure, a recreation, a delight."

"If this lovely, artless child be not Althea," he said to himself, "I do not care to find her."

The following afternoon saw him again in the Van Dorn mansion. He had given no card, but inquired simply for Miss Althea, who, as she recognized him on entering, became deadly pale, and trembled so violently that it was with evident difficulty she reached a sofa.

"Miss Westbrook," commenced the judge, who, while pitying her agitation, yet welcomed it as an omen of success—"Miss Westbrook, I have an important question to ask you—but first, I have a little story to tell. Some months ago I received a letter from a young lady, who signed her name Althea. Shall I repeat it?"

"No! no!" she said, putting out her fair hand as if to ward off a blow. "I was mad, mad, to do so unwomanly an act. Oh, how you must despise me!"

"Despise you, my dear child? I have no other sentiment for you than love and admiration," said Judge Lindsey, impressively. "For years I had closed my heart against all affection, but your letter, so naive, so imprudently and innocently frank, thrilled through my being like a ray of sunshine. And since the hour I received it, your rancid image has continually haunted me, for, try as I would, I could not banish you from my thoughts. If I have loved you not knowing you, how much deeper is my affection now that I have seen you! And if you could return my love, I should consider that there was nothing further in this life worth asking for. Dear Althea, can you bid me hope?" he added, with an inexpressible quiver in his voice.

Althea did not speak; indeed, she could not, but she lifted her eyes to his, and smiling through her tears, extended her fair hand. And Judge Lindsey, completely mastered by the outburst of tenderness at the sudden thought that this sweet young girl really loved him, actually folded his arms about her protectingly, and kissed away the two large tears resting on her cheeks.

Althea was not angry, but she drew back a little in timid happiness, and he could now sit beside her and speak less constrainedly.

In half an hour he left the house an engaged man, his soul not his own, but in the keeping of the fair young girl, to whom he had bound himself.—New York Weekly.



An alloy of sixty parts copper, one part tin and thirty-nine parts zinc is found to offer great resistance to the action of sea water and has been largely used in naval construction.

A transporter bridge, the first of its kind in England, was ordered September 12. It spans the River Esk, and consists of a car, suspended by cables from rails worked by electric motors, in towers on each side of the river.

A pocket telephone is used by the Vienna police. In every street of importance in the city special call boxes have been placed, and every officer on duty having occasion to communicate with his station has only to pull out his pocket apparatus, adjust it to the wire in the box, and communication at once is established.

An automobilist of great experience suggests that it is a good idea for the driver of a car to show his companion on the front seat how to switch off the ignition current in case the driver suddenly became incapacitated. By this simple operation the car can quickly be stopped, and the damage it is liable to do if it runs wild will be reduced.

Gregorio Lecca, of Villadama, Nuevo Leon, has invented a new machine for the extraction of fibre from plants which, according to Modern Mexico, is said to be very successful and economical in its operation. A model machine at work at the Golondrina hacienda is said to have demonstrated with maize fibre, that while it is considered one of the most difficult fibres to extract, the machine handles it with ease.

When the whole of the twenty-one new lines now proposed are complete, Londoners will be able to make journeys from twenty to forty miles entirely by light railway and tramcar, traversing the metropolis from north to south and from east to west, without using either train, omnibus or cab for assistance. The London Express makes this claim with satisfaction, and adds the statement that the total length of line that will ultimately become available to the Londoner with a desire for travel will be at least 400 miles.

Richard Weinberg takes up once more, in the "Biologisches Centralblatt," the question of the origin of various pygmy races of mankind, and their relation to the earliest representatives of the human species. Because the dwarfs of Africa appear to be superior in intelligence to surrounding negro races of greater stature, some have argued that they represent the primitive type of human differentiation. Weinberg thinks it more probable that the pygmies are simply a variety, and that they no more represent the original type of man than do the taller races. Even yet it is found that the human stature is subject to notable variations, and that these variations have an effect upon heredity.

Parliament of Man.

"To be or not to be, that is the question!" cried Hamlet in a loud voice; but it was destined that he should proceed no further.

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order," interrupted the Ghost, who had been sitting in one of the rear seats, "the motion to adjourn is not debatable."

Confronted thus by Robert's Rule of Order, the Noble Dane paled, muttered incoherently and sat down. Afterward he had his speech inserted in the Congressional Record.—Woman's Home Companion.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Dairying in the South.

The following paper was read before the State Farmers' Institute at Clemson College by B. Harris, of Pendleton, S. C.:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I do not see why Professor Harper assigned me this duty when there are others who could have handled this subject so much better than I. My subject is "Dairying in the South." Now let us consider the dairy cow for a moment and see if we can do without her. Milk is the natural food for man and all animals. The first nourishment the newborn babe takes is milk, and it is the same with the new born calf, in fact, this is the first food of all animals. Consider for a moment what a very small percentage could be raised if it were not for milk. Then, again, take, for instance, the sick, and milk is one of the most nourishing diet that are used in the sick room.

As I see it the dairy cow should occupy one of the first places on the farm. Outside of her importance, which I have already spoken of, let us see if it cannot be made profitable. One of the great beauties of the dairy cow is she does not run on a credit system. She settles her accounts every twenty-four hours, and if properly handled will pay you a nice dividend on the money paid for her. I know of no investment that will pay as handsome a profit as a dairy cow. She will pay for herself and all expenses in twelve months.

Let us investigate this and see if it is not true. The average grade Jersey cow will cost you \$40. She will give 5500 pounds of milk in twelve months, which is a low estimate. This is about 440 gallons of milk. This milk at a low estimate can be sold at twenty cents per gallon. Now every one knows this is ten cents below the average price paid in our towns and cities, but we must make our estimates on a conservative basis. At twenty cents per gallon 440 gallons of milk will bring \$88; the cost of the cow is \$40, cost of feed \$20, which makes the total cost for cow and feed \$70. Now we have the cost of cow. The 440 gallons of milk sells for \$88, the manure for \$12, the calf \$5, total gross income of the cow \$105. Deduct the cost of cow and feed, \$70, and you will have \$35 left to her credit.

I want to ask you if you can make an investment of \$700, which would be the cost of a herd of ten cows and their feed, and enter any other business and in twelve months make such a dividend on your investment. The quickest road to a dollar is through a dairy cow. Her cost, as well as her expenses for twelve months, you still have a profit of fifty per cent. on your investment. One man can milk, feed and take care of ten head.

The great beauty in dairy farming is that it pays both ways. Any dairy farmer can double the production of his farm in ten years. This within itself would be a handsome profit.

I have tried to show you what a useful and necessary animal the dairy cow is, and that she can be made profitable, and I can say to you that there is no place on the globe where dairying can be made as profitable as in this Southland of ours. Why? Because we have more natural advantages than in other countries which I have investigated. I have met dairymen from all over these United States, and being interested in dairying have discussed the subject fully with them, both as to feeds and the price obtained for their product. Why, gentlemen, we get twice as much for our milk and cream as the Northern and Western dairymen get for theirs. There is no place on the globe that so many varieties of forage crops can be raised in one season as in the South. Why, we can raise two crops on our land a year—besides, we can grow many more varieties of grazing grasses than the Northern and Western sections, and it is more nutritious, as it has a longer season in which to grow and mature. It is not so woody a fibre.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington sees what a great industry the South has lying at her door undeveloped, and the Government has appropriated \$20,000 to help develop dairying in the South. The department is ready to send men of experience to your farms to help you start the industry and work it out, so you can make it profitable. What more can you ask for? This appropriation the South should feel under many obligations to Congressmen Lever for obtaining. It means great things for the South if our people will take hold of it and develop it.

Ah, gentlemen, if the farmers of our old State would put just one-half of her cotton fields in Bermuda grass and go into dairy farming,

she could make just as many bales of cotton as she is now making and the crop is costing the farmers to-day by using the manure from their herds and flocks.

Think for one moment how it would change the looks of this country and make a good impression on the stranger as he passed through our Southland, to see these old red hillsides covered with green grass and nice herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazing on them.

Gentlemen, this kind of farming is the best type of agriculture. I know there are men sitting in this audience who are ready to say dairying and stock raising cannot be made profitable in the South. Thirty years ago was the South a cotton manufacturing country? No. I, a man had predicted then that twenty-five years from then would see South Carolina one of the leading cotton manufacturing States in the country, there were people who would have said that man is crazy. Now, gentlemen, why is South Carolina one of the leading cotton manufacturing States? Because she has put brains and capital into the industry and because she has more natural advantages than the New England States. To-day the cotton mills of the South are paying the largest dividends of any other State. I hope that I may live to see the day come when our people will quit saying that we cannot raise as fine cattle, hogs, sheep and horses in South Carolina as can be raised in Kentucky or the Northern States, for I tell you it is not true, for history tells us that the South has produced as brilliant men as any country and if it is true of men, why cannot it be the same with producing fine animals. The fault is not in the conditions around you, but in your own selves.

I hope to see our own men elevated above a cotton patch, a mule and a free negro. Gentlemen, this kind of farming, I have been speaking about, a free negro cannot do; but he can raise cotton and come in competition with you and his cotton bales will bring on the market just as much as yours. In fact he has been pricing your cotton for the last twenty years.

We hear farmers say there is no market for dairy products. Why should a man say that, when there are at least \$400,000 or \$500,000 worth of butter shipped into South Carolina every year and sold to our people? I tell you every dollar's worth of that butter can be raised by the farmers of South Carolina. Now, brother farmers, we will have to change our method of farming, and the sooner we begin it the better off we will be. How are we to do this? By diversification and rotation. The farmer who rotates his crops, improves his soil, improves his surroundings, improves himself and makes it easier for the next generation to travel life's journey. He is a race benefactor, making, as he does, this world better and better the longer he lives in it and continues his good deeds. The farmer who rotates his crops will feed, clothe and educate his children better than his one crop neighbor. His children will love him better and he will love them better. The community will speak well of him while he lives and go into true mourning when he is gone.—Columbia State.

Cotton, Hog, Hominy.

Colonel J. B. Killebrew, in Southern Farm Magazine, says:

In the cotton growing districts of the South it is all important that the farmers should practice a diversification of crops, at least to such an extent as to make their own breadstuffs and provisions. Hon. M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, declares that cotton may be raised at six cents per pound when the planter makes his own hog and hominy, or his bread and meat. To buy these important necessities with the proceeds of the cotton crop will make the cost of producing the cotton not less than eight cents per pound. It is a most opportune moment when the cotton planters have risen out of the slough of despond in which they have wallowed for years to enter upon a line that will make them always independent. There is no better money crop on earth than cotton, and yet all this money may be required to supply the ordinary comforts and necessities of life. Nothing will compensate the planter for the loss of independence. By raising his own supplies he will be able to hold his cotton for a good price. The raising of these supplies will also diminish the acreage of cotton and so increase its price by a reduction in the size of the crop. This is a practical problem that may be easily solved by the harmonious action of the great army of cotton growers.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Some girls are so immodest they pretend they haven't got any ankles.

There is always somebody groaning about the mortgages; it used to be the farmers; now it's the automobile owners.

No matter how bad anything turns out, there is always comfort in it for a lot of people who are able to say they told you so.

When you hear a woman bragging about all the things around the house her husband can do to perfection, that's her way of not fretting because he can't make much of a living for them.

Many of our anticipated pleasures are anything but pleasures after we get them.

A cynic is a person who says hateful things because he is unable to attract attention in any other way.

A man never realizes how homely he really is until he has his picture taken in a group.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH.

What Truth Has Chiefly Appealed to You from Our Year's Lessons?

Objects of the Scriptures.—2 Tim. 3:14-17.

Christ proclaimed.—John 20:30-31. Sin rebuked.—Heb. 4:13. Saints built up.—1 Cor. 1:21-23. Lives cleansed.—Isa. 61:1. The unchangeable Word.—Rev. 22:18-21.

From the shepherds of Bethlehem we learn how heaven may glorify our common work.

From the wise men of the East we learn that the height of wisdom is to bow at Jesus' feet.

From the boy Jesus in the temple we learn that the only business of our life ought to be our Father's business.

From Christ's temptation we learn that whoever has his Bible in his heart is armed against the devil.

From the calling of the disciples we learn that the first duty of a Christian—as of a soldier—is to obey.

From the Beatitudes we learn that if we seek what the world calls happiness we shall never find what Christ calls happiness.

From the parable of the two foundations we learn that the most important thing in life is to start right.

From the parable of the sower we learn that not even Christ can teach us unless we listen.

From the parable of the tares we learn that the only way to outwit the devil is to watch by night as well as by day.

From the healing of the Gadarene demons we learn never to despair of any one.

From the death of John the Baptist we learn how glorious a failure may be.

From the feeding of the five thousand we learn that our success does not depend on the size of our gifts to Christ, but on our giving what we have.

From the Syro-Phœnician woman we learn that Christ rejoices to be compelled by human faith.

From Peter's confession we learn not to wait to be perfect before testifying for Christ.

From the transfiguration we learn that heaven with all its glories is close around this earth.

From the parable of the good Samaritan we learn to "do the next thing."

From the rich young ruler we learn to pray to be delivered from the temptation of wealth.

From Zaccheus we learn that a lofty soul is better than a tall body.

From Christ's trial we learn to fear the terrible power of fanaticism and selfishness, lest it seize upon our own hearts also.

From the crucifixion we learn how God loves us.

From the resurrection we learn to live "by the power of an endless life."

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Missions—A World-Wide Responsibility.—Luke 24:48-47.

Daily Readings.

This the significance of the life of Christ.—Luke 2:30-32; Rev. 5:9. We are his representatives in this world.—Luke 24:48.

The Church's baptism not given for a local, but for a world-wide conquest.—Acts 1:8.

The Missionary Program.—Acts 26:18.

A missionary hymn.—Psa. 96.

Prayer and promise.—Psa. 23.

It is to be feared that many professed Christians read John 3:16 thus: "For God so loved the angels."

But the missionary enterprise stands for the opposite. Its watchword is: "The World for Christ."

Anything short of this is unworthy the name of Christian, for Christ died for "the world." His last command, given just before he left the Judean mountain top, to be seen no more, was: "Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Therefore, we must go or send, or be reason why? but to obey. We are not to stop to consider whether or not the seed can be saved without the gospel; nor are we to question whether missions are a success or not; or demur on any account whatever. There is the unqualified, unconditioned, naked, "GO." In a certain bank where this writer has done business there is, hanging over the barrier behind which the bank officials are, the picture of a masked man who holds in his hand a pistol which is pointed at the customer or visitor. It matters not that he moves to the other end of the room, or anywhere within the room, he will still be looking straight into that deadly tube and into those unrelenting eyes. The "Go ye" of Jesus is like that, only it is full of the urgency of a love and yearning for lost souls that stopped not at death itself. Let the church shirk the obligation to go, and her light will go out. The missionary spirit is her light. It is said that the leaders of the church for so many centuries were so unable to realize their solemn duty.

Japanese in San Francisco.

As to the schools, the Japanese Government perfectly understands that the people of this State are not under the slightest obligation to tax themselves to teach Japanese the English language or to admit Oriental pupils at all into our schools where their presence may be distasteful to our own people. In view of the fact that we have not in this city sufficient buildings to accommodate our own pupils, the Japanese Government will see that our provision of special schools for the instructions of Orientals is an act of the most kindly consideration on our part. The Japanese Government also knows that in view of the restrictions placed on our people in Japan and its dependencies, it is in no position to complain if we should conclude to exercise the right which the Japanese have formally recognized by treaty to exclude those classes of their people whose presence here is certain to result in conditions and acts which would interrupt the friendly relations between the two nations.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Late News In Brief

MINOR MATTERS OF INTEREST

The death of Charles Francis Wyman, Russian vice-consul for New England, was announced. It is stated also that Mrs. Wyman is in a critical condition. Mr. Wyman's service as Russian vice-consul extended over 22 years.

Edmund D. Fiske, a traveling salesman of Chicago, was found dead in his room at a local hotel, and it is believed that he committed suicide. Telegrams in his pockets would seem to indicate that Fiske took his life because of family estrangement.

The railroad commission has refused the application of the Hocking Valley Railway Company for an extension of time within which to comply with the provisions of the act requiring all railroads in Ohio to so equip their cars that 75 per cent of the cars in all trains shall be operated and controlled by airbrakes.

A traction car on the Dayton and Xenia line, filled with suburbanites and persons from Xenia, was struck by a Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis (Big Four) freight engine which was backing out of the Union station about midnight, and 13 passengers were badly injured. None of them will die.

The subtreasury transferred \$1,550,000 to San Francisco.

William D. Carver, aged 30 years, local manager of Makeover Bros., mine owners and developers, of New York and Chicago, shot and killed himself at his home, 322 Melwood street, East End.

William E. Tillotson, aged 64 years, a woolen manufacturer and one of the wealthiest men in Pittsfield, died following a stroke of apoplexy. He was unmarried and is a large property owner in Chicago.